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ADVERTISER

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET

(TIME) (DATE) (PAGE)

TIME

DATE _____

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

JERRY: It sure could stand a general overhauling. Maybe I wouldn't make so many mistakes if this thing worked right.

JIM: (CHUCKLES) I reckon it'd work all right if you pressed the right keys.

JERRY: I doubt it.

JIM: kinda hurryin' pretty fast there, aren't you?

JERRY: Gee, I'm just gettin' started on the range report. gotta finish it by tonight.

JIM: Got a date with that school marm's friend of yours. Is that it?

JERRY: Sure I have. Mary's been wanting to get out for another picnic supper before the weather gets too cold. We're going up above the forks camp ground, with a couple of other young folks.

JIM: I see. Might be a good night for a picnic.

JERRY: Yeah, but we won't have many more.

JIM: No. It is gettin' a bit sharp in the evenings now.

JERRY: We're gonna build a fire and have some grilled steaks.

JIM: Got a camp fire permit? (CHUCKLES)

JERRY: (LAUGHING) I'll issue myself one, Jim.

JIM: Say, that reminds me. We've got to revise that record on cooperative fire protection on private lands inside the National Forest.

JERRY: Does that have to go in now?

JIM: I want here to see the improvement we had over last year with those things that you had in the National Forest area. It's important to know that they're taking an active part in our fire protection program.

JERRY: Donecne it, Jim, those new fangled programs and plans and projects are gettin' to be -- (JIM HAS STARTED TO LAUGH) -- more important than our regular jobs -- what the heck you laughin' about?

JIM: (STILL LAUGHING) You sound like an old graybeard, son. "New fangled programs," eh? To hear you talk anyone would think you'd seen a Ranger for at least fifty years.

JERRY: But don't you think that's right. Jim. Aren't we gettin' the place cluttered up with a lot of fancy plans that don't amount to much?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Well, son, I'll tell you. This Forest Service work of ours is getting more complicated; it's expanding and developing all the time. If it weren't developing and progressing it wouldn't be any good. We have to work out new systems to keep pace with changing conditions. Whenever the old way of doing things doesn't fill the bill we want to replace it with something better and more efficient. Just like the old oil lamps, for instance, gave way to electric.

JERRY: Well, I'd suggest that the next replacement we make around here oughta be a new typewriter.

SOUND: (IMPATIENT BANGING OF TYPEWRITER)

JIM: (THUCKERS) Maybe we'll have to, Jerry. If you keep banging it around like that.

JERRY: No such luck -- Say, is that more work piled there in front of you?

JIM: Yep. Here's the quarterly report on the amount of timber cut and sold, and monthly report on timber sales, plans for game census with the list of men we'll want to use as counters, -- and this big one's the outline for our new CCC work program.

JERRY: We'll never get all that done. Have the CCC plans been checked with the supervisor's office.

JIM: Not yet. We have to spot a couple of new camp locations before they'll be complete.

JERRY: That's that other paper there?

JIM: Which one?

JERRY: Under your left hand. All by itself.

JIM: Let's see --- M-m-m- it's a good thing you mentioned it, Jerry. This is the section of the range report about salting. Here, put it with the rest of 'em.

JERRY: Let's check to see that we have 'em all. I don't want it to be wrong when I get it all typed -- if I ever do.

JIM: That's a good idea. We'll go over 'em together. Here's the first item, this range map. You can get in the class and location of all the stock grazing in the National Forest range.

JERRY: Here's the list of those on this sheet that's attached to it.

JIM: Good. I see you have the lawline grounds already located.

JERRY: Yeah. They're checked with last year's map, too.

JIM: All right. The next thing's the drivecamps. When you get to the part in the report that talks about the new and old methods, underline it, will you?

JERRY: Sure. You mean the part that talks about driving the herds through a certain restricted area to prevent the range being cut up too much.

JIM: Uh-huh. This one overgrazed area we have to report should be in complete detail. We want the Supervisor to know exactly why it was overgrazed and what we've done to build it up and prevent the same thing happening again.

JERRY: There's quite a bit written on that. A lot more than there is written on the closed areas.

JERRY: Okay, I'll remember when I start typing it.

JIM: Better mark it to be sure.

JERRY: Now, I can remember it all right. Does that's all. Shall I go ahead now?

JIM: Let her go. But take your time and you'll get some faster.

JERRY: All right, Jim.

SOUND: (TYPEWRITER)

JIM: I'll finish the work on this same census.

JERRY: Yes, I hope I get done with this report before supper time. Jerry would be plenty disappointed if we didn't get to have our picnic.

JIM: How many pages are there?

SOUND: (TYPEWRITER STOPS)

JERRY: I'll count 'em. One, two, three -- Holy Smokes! Ten or 'em. Come on, typewriter. Let's go!

SOUND: (TYPEWRITER FAST)

MUSIC: INTERLUDE.

SOUND: (FADE IN TYPEWRITER - STOP SUDDENLY)

JERRY: (FADE IN) Oh, boy. Am I wired. What time is it, Jim?

JIM: My watch says five thirty, Jerry.

JERRY: A. M. or P. M.?

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Five thirty P.M. You haven't missed your supper, is that's what's going on you.

JERRY: Gee whiz, I forgot all about supper. Mary'll be here any minute now and I still haven't finished this doggone report.

JIM: Maybe she'll be late

JERRY: Not Mary -- Sam, Jim, when did you say this report was to be in?

JIM: Bert wants it tomorrow, so we'll have to get it off on the last train tonight.

JERRY: He -- does he absolutely have to have it tomorrow?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, Jerry, he's the boss and that's what he asked for, so I reckon we oughta have it read.

JERRY: Good, Jim, I don't see the reason for all this detail in a report. The Super knows the condition our range is in.

JIM: Well, somebody has to make the reports.

JERRY: Yeah, but we waste so much time making reports when we could be working in the field.

JIM: Here comes the schoolmarm -- coming in the front gate.

JERRY: Mary, already? My word, it is, I'll have to hurry with this stuff.

SOUND: (TYPEWRITER)

JIM: Want me to check over what you've dictated?

JERRY: Yeah, if you will, Jim. There it is -- that's what is the right.

JIM. Wash -- looks like a pretty neat job.

SOUND: (DOOR OPENS -- DOOR SHUTS -- TYPEWRITER STOPS)

MARY: (FADE IN) Hello, folks

GREETINGS.

MARY: I'm early, Jerry, but we ought to get started as soon as we can.

JERRY: Okay, Mary. Just as soon as I finish this report. Only a few pages to go. Jim's checking what I've already typed.

JIM. We're making a stenographer out of Jerry now, Mary. He isn't half bad.

MARY: Yes, he was telling me you had to get in your range report today. Is it almost finished?

JERRY: Practically in the bag. You go talk to Mrs. Robinson while we put on the finishing touches.

MARY: All right. Oh, it's grown out, Jerry. There's going to be a nice moon and the air's so crisp. We'll need to wear something good and warm.

JERRY: We've got plenty of extra things around here. What's in the package you're carrying?

MARY: I've got some marshmallows for roasting. We can get the other things when we go past the store.

JERRY: That's good. You trot along now and we'll be gone before you know it.

JIM. Say, Jerry -- I hope we have to write it up, but there's a mistake on this report --

JERRY: That's all right, Jim, what is it?

JIM: Here on the selling system.

JERRY: Yeah? Where?

JIM: You copied the first draft instead of the last one that's complete.

JERRY: Oh -- did I? -- How'd that happen? I remember looking at both of 'em, and I --

JIM: That's too bad. But I'm afraid that probably have to be done over.

JERRY: How many pages are there to it?

JIM: A little more than two.

JERRY: Yeah! Look at all I've gotta do yet.

MARY: Does that mean we can't have our picnic supper, Jerry?

JERRY: Hmm? -- Oh, no, we'll have it, all right, -- but -- Jim, does your report have to be done tonight?

JIM: I'm afraid so, Jerry.

JERRY: (ANGRILY) I don't see any sense -- (CATCHES SELF AND CONTINUES) -- Well -- Mary, I guess we will have to postpone it for tonight. Maybe we can do tomorrow. I'm awful sorry. But it -- well, it -- it just can't be helped.

WABBY: Oh, it's all right, Jerry. I'm getting accustomed to it now. But I did so want to have our picnic while the weather's lovely.

JERRY: (UNCERTAINLY) It ought to be all right tomorrow night.

WABBY: Perhaps it will. (FADE) I'll go talk to Mrs. Robinson a minute.

JIM: (AFTER PAUSE) I'm sorry things turned out like this, Jerry, but --

JERRY: (FIGHTING MAD) I'm sick and tired of it, Jim. It's happened like this time after time. Everything I try and I plan to do gets busted up on account of something like this. I don't mind chasin' fires in the middle of the night or workin' late or bein' out in all kinds of weather, but when I have to break a date to finish a condensed range report that sounds like an encyclopedia and has just as well be in a day late it makes me sore. What's the idea of makin' a crazy report like that anyway? I bet nobody ever reads 'em. Talk about efficiency! That's the biggest waste of time and money I ever saw.

JIM: (PAUSE) Well, son -- I reckon I know exactly how you feel. Matter of fact, I've felt that way myself, more'n once. But I --

JERRY: (STILL ANGRY) Well, why not do something about it? What the heck is a Ranger's job supposed to be, bookkeeping or forestry?

JIP:

(CHUCKLES SOFTLY) I reckon all of us Rangers here
 asked that same question some time or another. But
 I'll tell you, Jerry, I think you'll find out there's
 a good reason for all these records. Everyone of
 these individual reports come in help make the final
 reports that are required for a public accounting of
 our work; and besides, you and I won't always be on
 this district. Some day, there'll be somebody else.
 If we keep clear, complete records of what we do and
 the experiments we work on, the next fellow'll be able
 to carry on right where we leave off. I reckon we
 have got quite a stack of files, but it makes us kinda
 proud to know we've got a complete history of the
 development of the Pine Cone District. When I first
 came here, over 20 years ago, it wasn't nothing more'n
 a lot of rocks and trees. Now it helps provide a living
 for the population of two or three towns and affords
 recreation to thousands of people that couldn't have it
 otherwise. I'd say that a job that's doing that much
 good for folks is worth keeping records of. And I'll
 tell you, Jerry, there's one rule that Rangers have
 always stuck to since the first one rode into this
 country to start managing the forests. I reckon it's
 never been put down in black and white. Leastways, if
 it has, I've never seen it. And that rule is -- to
 tackle any job that costs your way, whether you like it
 or not, and do it the best way you know how.

BESS: (PAUSE IV) Oh, Jim, Mary just told me and Jerry can't have their picnic because the report has to be completed. Isn't there any way to have it finished by then? --

JIM: Well, I don't know, BESS.

MARY: Oh, it's all right, Mrs. Robinson. We'll have our picnic some other time.

BESS: But, Jim, we've been planning it for a week.

JIM: I know it, BESS. But I promised Bert he'd have the report tomorrow, and it'll have to be done tonight if time to get off on the last train.

BESS: Is it as terribly important?

JIM: Well, BESS, I promised Bert, and -- oh well, I've got an idea. Listen.

BESS: Yes?

MARY: What is it, Mr. Robinson?

JIM: Listen, BESS. You and Mary round up their young friends and wish together a little supper, -- see? -- and then take yourselves off to a movie. I'll stand around -- and you get back, Jerry, and I'll be home with the report and we can toast the marshmallows in the fireplace and make some hot chocolate, and have it sort of a picnic after all. What do you say to that?

MARY: Oh, that will be grand, Mr. Robinson!

ESSB: Would you like to do that, Mary?

MARY: I really would love it. You're awful! Best to think of it, Mr. Robinson!

ESSB: Jim, I'll always think of the right thing to do.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Hey, never mind. How soon do we eat?

ESSB: We have have supper ready in a jiffy. Can't we eat?

(FADE) You'd better get washed up right now, Jim.

MARY: (FADE) What can I do to help, Mrs. Robinson?

JERRY: Jim, I'm sorry I blew up the way I did. You want me to feel like a school kid. I hope you understand that! —

JIM: Understand! (CHUCKLES) Well, Jerry, I reckon I do. When I was your age I felt just like you do, only I didn't have anyone to tell it to. Didn't you ever worry about me not understandin', son? Come on. (FADE) Let's go get washed up for supper.

MUSIC: (FINALE)

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